

HELLO AMERICA HELLO



WORDS AND MUSIC BY
GEO. FAIRMAN



MCCARTHY & FISHER MUSIC PUB. (INC)
148 W. 45 ST. NEW YORK.

Hello America, Hello

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GEO. FAIRMAN

Moderato

f *mp* *p* *sf*

VOICE

till ready

At a wire-less tel-e- phone_ A Yan-kee boy sat
"What's the trou-ble wire-less man, Why should I wait in
all a-lone, In a for-ign land where he took his stand, Far a-way from home.
Am-ster-dam, For an hour or two on ac-count of you? Tell me if you can?"
"What's the mat-ter, Op-er-a-tor?" I heard him say, "Can't you see I'm
"Just a min-ute Mis-ter Yan-kee, Please hold the line, And I'll try to
in an aw-ful hur-ry, Why this de-lay, Hel-lo, hel-lo" "Go a-head there's your par-ty."
get you back your par-ty, Just take your time, Hel-lo, hel-lo, Go a-head they are wait-ing"

CHORUS

(How do you do, how is ev'-ry lit-tle thing with you)

Hel-lo A-mer-i-ca, Hel-lo, I thought I'd phone and let you

know that I'm re-turn-ing, To the land that gave me birth, To the great-est place on earth,—

And the folks at home that I left a-lone Way down in Dix-ie, What Ho, A-mer-i-ca, What

(Gee but it's fine just to hear your voice up-on the line) (What do you want to let her
Ho! Just tell the sweetest girl I know,

know) That some day, When the sun is sink-ing in the West,— I'll say to the land that I

love the best,— Hel-lo A-mer-i-ca Hel-lo! —lo!

Night Time In Little Italy

Words by
JOE MC CARTHY

Music by
FRED FISHER

CHORUS

Night time — downtown in little I-ta-ly, Down 'round —

pf *Chil-lie-Bil-lie, Bee*

— my old Mul-ber - y — You'll hear the man-do-lins play — For Mar-i-

utch - a, When she rolls those big black eyes at me — I

Hutch-a-coot-cha, Coot-cha

want to be in Na-po-li where dark wine — will make you hap-py as can be

poco rit.

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Lilly
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by 226
no 8
1912